King. Thou doſt not wiſh more helpe from England,
Couſen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
Why well ſaid. That doth pleaſe me better,
Then to wiſh me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herauld from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for ranſome?

King. Who hath ſent thee now?

Her. The Conſtable of *France.*

King. I prethee beare my former anſwer backe,
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyons skin
VVhile the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Finde graues within your Realme of *France:*
Though buried in your dunghils, we ſhall be famed,
For there the Sunne ſhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The ſmell whereof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breakes foorth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortality.
Let me ſpeake proudly,
There's not a peece of feather in our Campe;
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye,
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the maſſe, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore ſouldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'l

They'l be in freſher ro
The gay new cloaths
And turne them out o
As if it pleaſe God the
Then ſhall our ranſom
Saue thou thy labour
Come thou no more
They ſhall haue nough
Which if they haue, as
VVill yeeld them littl
Her. I ſhall deliuer ſ

Yorke. My gracious
The leading of the vav
King. Take it braue
Come ſouldiers let's a
And as thou pleaſeſt G

Enter the

Gebon. O diabello.
Con. Mor du ma vie
Orle. O what a day i
Bur. O Iour dei hou
Con. VVe are enow
To ſmother vp the En
If any order might be
Bur. A plague of or
And he that will not f
Let him go home, and
Like a baſe leno hold
VVhy leaſt by a ſlaue
His faireſt daughter i
Con. Diſorder that
Come we in heapes, w
Vnto theſe Engliſh, o

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY